Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

THE SCHOOLROOM DOOR.

The light is warm on Auburn's hills
With quiet meadows crowned,
And sunset's shadowy splendor fills
The memory-haunted ground.
O bowery fields! Illumined trees!
My eye to you once more
Is turned, and dim with feeling seeks
What once it sought with glowing cheeks,
The open schoolhouse door!

I walk the upward path alone,
Where once I walked with friends;
A pilgrim to the halls alone,
My halting step ascends.
I see the glimmering treetops rise
Around me as of yore.
Below, the placid river lies;
Above, the blue lakes of the skies
And fading hills, before.

O shaded windows, that I see
By pilgrim years endeared,
Where oft I dreamed when fair to me
Life's happy skies appeared!
Grounds, where I used to sport and play
With classmates, seen no more,
Springless and summerless to-day
I wind alone my autumn way,
To that old schoolhouse door.

Where are they now, where are they now,
The friends that gathered there,
That stood beneath the morning's brow
In life's celestial air?
Where are the warm, young faces met
So frequent at the door?
My youth is green in memory yet,
And never can my heart forget
That old-time schoolroom door!

Some sleep beside the mobile seas,
Whose lives had but begun,
And some beneath the crimsoned trees
Where slants the southern sun;
And here kind nature spreads the fern
The graves of others o'er;
And flame-tipped leaves above them burn;
Their feet, alas! will ne'er return
To that old schoolhouse door.

Green springs have not the light of old,
Nor summers bright that follow.
Each year from skies of duller gold
Flits autumn's purple swallow;
And life goes on, a firefly's light,
Its lost thread ever spinning,
And that which makes the future bright,
We lose, alas! in winning;
Behind us, longer grow the ways,
And shorter, rise before;
I've traveled further than the rest
Towards sunset windows of the west.
O comrades! seen no more!

What sayest thou, old class, to-night,
Amid these years of cares;
Who soon must seek the taper's light
Before life's altar stairs?
Our hopes in Heaven remain alone
Of all our quest, my brothers,
And all the joys that we have known,
And all we own, or yet can own,
Are those we've given others.
The school of life, than all more wise,
This final lesson leaves:
He who himself the most denies,
From Heaven the most receives;
And in the night-shades of the past
The eternal stars we see:
Each year is better than the last,
And will forever be!

One taper lights a thousand lamps,
One wave through thousands flows,
One bugle's notes awake the camps
Beset with hidden foes.
And all the efforts we have made,
The good for which we've striven,
Though baffled oft, as gold is weighed
In the true scales of Heaven.
A nobler school, in mornings bright,
Before our eyes appears,
And we are happy in the light
Of graduated years.
Or far or near, old friends of yore,
Or pupil, teacher, guest,
He ever loves time's schoolroom door
Who does in life his best.

The light is warm on Auburn's hills
With peaceful harvests crowned,
And still hope's happy prospect fills
The memory-haunted ground.
Farewell, O shadow-mantled halls,
I ne'er may see thee more,
He mine to go where duty calls,
Well pleased where'er the sunset falls
That I may scenes like these renew,
Come back and take a parting view
At life's old schoolroom door!

—Hezekiah Butterworth, in Youth's Companion.

THE TAIL OF A COW.

A Boy's Startling Adventure in the Woods.

NOT infrequent experience in a new country is what the pioneers call "getting lost." To wander bewildered all day in a great forest is not a pleasant adventure; but when it extends through the night, in the densest darkness, the wanderer scratched and bruised by contact with invisible brush, trees and logs, ears filled with the mysterious, often alarming, noises of the woods, nerves overstrung, it is truly fearful. As there is something overawing about the ocean, so there is about the "great woods," but the awful sensation of being lost on the one or in the other can be known only by experience. Charley Barnum was twice lost in the Ohio forests before he was fifteen years old. One of these incidents I will relate to you.

It was away back in the days when the settlers were so few that they had not materially lessened the number of wild animals or decreased the extent of the forests, and miles intervened between neighbors. In the winter the cattle were fed chiefly on what was termed "browse;" that is, the tender twigs of trees felled for that object. But in summer the cows roamed at will for pasturage anywhere through the woods, and at sundown were driven home and shut over night in a yard surrounded by a high log fence. It was the boys' business to "get the cows" as night drew near, and often it was a long, perplexing search. Every herd, large or small, had a "bell cow," and the tinkle, tinkle of the bell was the first thing to be found when a boy went "after the cows." It is a queer experience, searching with one's ears for a mere sound; that found and traced, the cows were soon discovered. Charley Barnum usually got out about an hour before sunset, generally pursuing a certain beat through the woods, up and down, round and round, where he had learned that the drove were most apt to roam.

One afternoon he started on this search a little later than common, going first down "the brook" a distance, then across the "black ash bottom," then over the "beech ridge," names describing to him and the family a familiar route; but no tones of the bell were discovered tangled among the trees. Next, he "took around by the big wind fall" and followed another brook, but still without success. Then he turned southward, and for half a mile or more, skirted the edge of a large swamp where occasionally the cows were found, but where Charley did not like to go, as it was reported to be a haunt of panthers and bears, and once he had seen a couple of big, gray wildcats crouching on a mossy tussock just within the marsh. But this time he did not see even a squirrel or a cow-track. At length the sun had ceased to gild the tree tops and it began to grow dusky in the woods. Charley was about two miles from his log-cabin home, and it was a foggy evening. Still he was an energetic lad and did not relish failure; so he turned to the northward and pushed on, keeping ears and eyes fixed on his quest, until it became so dark that he could hardly see his hand before his face. And yet no

HE STRUCK AT THE OBJECT.

sound or sign of the cows did he discover.

This state of things compelled him to give up the search and if possible make his way home. But here was the puzzle. By daylight he would have known whither to go, but it was another thing in the night. He knew he was somewhere to the southwest of the imperfect road that led to his home; if, therefore, he could go toward the northeast he would strike that road after a time and finally reach his home. But which way was north, south, east or west? No star was to be seen, no landmark existed to direct him. That sense of feeling in regard to points of compass, possessed by most persons, was of no use now. Standing perfectly still he listened for any sound that might guide him. Somewhere in the distance an owl was calling: "Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoorah;" a night bird of some kind was pouring a plaintive song on the air; now and then a rustle among the leaves reached his ears; but there was nothing by which to locate himself and take a correct start homeward.

Lads not familiar with the great woods would not have known a single thing to do in such an emergency. But Charley understood some things not taught in the grammar school. The necessities of frontier life impart an education peculiar to itself.

He made his way to a tree and, feeling with his hands on all sides of its rough trunk, soon decided which way was north, for the north side of forest trees is almost always slightly mossy and the bark not so hard and dry, but more easily crumbled. This is the result of shade on the north and sunshine on the south side. Carefully satisfying himself on this point, he placed his back against the northeast side and, putting forth his hands to shield his face from brush, set forward in what he deemed the right direction. Slowly walking a few rods, he felt the bark upon another tree to correct his bearings. In this way a person who understands it can go a long distance through the forests by night in an almost straight line. Of course, in dense woods one cannot steer by the stars. On and on Charley groped, occasionally bumping against a tree or stumbling over a log, but steadily holding his course.

After awhile, as he was examining a tree to keep himself right, he heard a vigorous rustling of brush not far away, and listening intently, his ears were saluted by a distinct sniff from some animal.

At first Charley was inclined to be alarmed, but reasoning that it was probably some small creature, raccoon or opossum, he kept on his way. But within a few rods he heard it again and louder. Harkening, he clearly distinguished its steps very near him. Yet it would not do to weaken and play the coward in such circumstances, and so, feeling about and cutting a stout cudgel, and carrying it in one hand and his open jackknife in the other, he plodded along as nearly as possible in a direct course.

By and by, as he was again correcting his bearings by a tree, he felt something touch his leg, like the nose of an animal smelling him to see if he would be good eating, and it so startled him that he gave a piercing yell and struck at the object with all his might. Whatever it was, it received a prodigious whack and bounded away a few feet, uttering a low, heavy growl. This showed Charley that it was a large creature, but it did not explain to him what it was.

On he pushed again, the animal apparently keeping a little farther off, but sniffing frequently and growling in a threatening manner. In the presence of such a mysterious peril most persons would have been completely unnerved, but our young hero managed to keep his wits about him and hold a steady course.

Finally, as he was groping along, there came to his ears from some distant point a faint but welcome sound—the tinkle, tinkle of the cow-bell. Listening an instant he decided the direction, and turning sharply that way, steered by the sound, walking much faster than when trying to keep a certain point of compass by the trees. This brought his pursuer at his back, a more nervous position than any other.

Within a few minutes the bell seemed quite near, and the noises from the animal were less distinct, proving that it was rather disconcerted by the tinkling.

When within a few rods of the bell cow, the boy commenced calling and talking to her in his usual familiar way. But he discovered at once by the snorting and trampling of the cattle, half a dozen in number, that the wild creature was not far away, and, whatever it might be, was formidable enough to frighten the whole herd. Feeling along, he made his way to the side of the bell cow, a large, sturdy animal, that Charley knew would stand the best chance of any in the flock of escaping from danger. Hardly had he reached her and patted her sides, when they all became worse alarmed and began tearing around in the darkness in the wildest manner. Charley thought the best thing would be to start them for home, believing that they could find the way in the night. But he had no notion of dropping behind them in his usual place while the unknown animal was near. So he seized the bell cow's tail near the "swith" and began shouting: "Go 'long, go 'long!" as boisterously as possible. This stirred up a wilder excitement all around. One of the cows bellowed as if the wild beast had sprung at her, whereupon the whole herd set off at a headlong run, the bell cow leading Charley hanging on to her tail. Trampling, plunging, snorting, bellowing, like a herd of crazy creatures, away they rushed through the woods, the bell jingling, jangling in the most brazen manner. Charley's heels flew in the liveliest way and his steps seemed to him a rod in length. Alarmed and depressed as he had been a few minutes before, in the uncertain silence, now his spirits rose to the opposite pitch, showing to what an unnatural tension his nerves had been wrought. He was amused, even to laughter, at the figure he cut, and only wished that it was daylight that he might see himself. In his excitement he shouted and yelled in the most outlandish style, every sound adding to the din and haste among the cows.

Pretty soon the commotion seemed to infect the pursuing beast, for an unearthly shriek rent the air, so much sharper than any previous noise that Charley thought his hair was all standing straight up. But that shriek showed that the animal was a panther, the most fearful creature of the region, and at the discovery his hands tightened convulsively in their grip on the cow's tail. On they went, every moment another fearful scream from the panther adding to the confusion, while the cattle were bellowing, the bell jangling and the boy putting in his share, notwithstanding the peril of his situation.

Finally he knew by the smoother ground that they had struck into a trail and were nearing the clearing. Faster and faster they went, and in a moment dashed into the little home-field and rushing for the yard, leaped through the open gateway and were safe. The next instant, from the edge of the woods, the panther gave vent to his disappointment in a long, spiteful wail.

At once measures were taken to warn the animal from the cattle; a brush heap was set afire, several pitch-pine torches were lighted and stuck up in the ground in the field around, and Mr.

ON THEY WENT.

Barnum discharged his rifle two or three times. It was a well-known and not pleasant fact on the borders, that when a panther commenced mischief around a settler's place, the life of animals and human beings was insecure until the creature was killed or thoroughly frightened away. It seemed to regard the forest-inclosed farm as a sort of corral, furnishing it with a constant supply of food, like a "man-eating" lion around an Asiatic village.

In the morning one of the cows was found badly scratched across the hips where the great cat had leaped upon her. But shortly after a large panther, supposed to be the same, stalked into the clearing of Mr. Barnum's nearest neighbor and fell a victim to the hunter's unerring rifle, much to the relief of all the settlers in the vicinity.

In later years when Charley was an elderly man, a favorite riddle which he often gave to boys who had not heard the story was: "How could a cow's tail save a boy's life?"—Lamar Beaumont, in Detroit Free Press.

A VERY MEAN MAN.

Working Hard to Save Himself at Another's Expense.

They had been talking about mean men when a lawyer said:

"I think I knew the meanest man in New Hampshire, at least. We were in school then, and most of us were poor enough, fighting hard to get an education. On the floor of the house where I lived I had a room at one end of the hall, and at the other end was the room of the meanest fellow in New Hampshire. I did not drink and he did. When I was absent from my room he used to come down the hall, open my door, and throw his empty whisky bottles out of my window, so that I would get the credit of the thing, or the discredit, as it was sure to be in that town.

"We had to pay for everything in that house which we broke. Once when this fellow broke a lamp chimney he gathered up the pieces of broken glass carefully, carried them into my room, and distributed them around the floor. Then he got a stone and left it in my room to make it seem that some one had thrown it through the open window and broken my lamp chimney. Of course he took my chimney and put it on his lamp.

"But the meanest thing which I ever knew him to do was when he broke a window pane in his room. It was a little bit of a thing, not worth more than ten cents, and he could easily have set the new one himself. He preferred to play the same old stone game, however. He actually gathered up every splinter of the shattered window pane, both that in the room and that which had fallen outside into the yard. He distributed some of it on the ground under my window and the rest in my room. Then he went to work and removed the whole sash in his room and the one in mine, exchanging the two, so that when I came home I found that I had a broken window pane in my sash, while splintered glass was strewn all over my floor. The stone which he had placed in my room was so big that I doubt if a man could have thrown it up to the window, for we were on the fourth floor. I paid for the window pane, as I paid for the lamp chimney. But think how hard that man worked to have the satisfaction of knowing that he was the meanest little sneak in New Hampshire."—N. Y. Tribune.

—"It is somewhat in the nature of a paradox that when politicians are unable to swallow what is done at a caucus they bolt it."—Boston Transcript.

LET us gather the sweetest of flowers—
The violet, fragrant and blue,
The fairest and starliest lilies,
And roses of loveliest hue:
Let us twine them in wreaths and in garlands,
In cross and in anchor and crown:
And on the low graves of our comrades
We lay them in reverence down.

There Time, with the tenderest fingers
Has hidden the soft grasses wave,
And the wild flowers blossom in beauty
Above every slumberer's grave.
The robin sings there his gay carols—
All voices of nature are heard,
And daily their music upriseth
From breeze and from bee and from bird.

She cares not if moss or if marble
Or naught mark the place of their rest—
On each fall the tears of the raindrops,
She keepeth each safe in her breast.
Her daisies unfold their white petal's
Alike o'er the high and the low:
In verdure she hides them in summer,
In winter she gives them her snow.

We come with our garlands in springtime
To deck the low mounds where they lie,
Yet nature, our mother, is kinder,
For never she passes them by!
We come with our hands and our music
But once, and perchance with a tear,
But the songs and the sighing of nature
Never cease through the circling year!

Our garlands will fade and will wither,
Hers blossom anew with the spring;
Our songs must die out into silence,
Her anthems more joyously ring;
With those whose low mounds we're adorning
In a dreamless sleep must we share,
And our tender arms of our mother
Enfold us with like loving care.

Sound, music! with saddest of dirges!
Ring, bugles! with softest of notes!
And comrades, while gently their sighing
In sweetest of harmony floats—
Come forth, with your hands full of flowers,
With garland, with cross, and with crown,
And on the low graves of our brothers,
Oh, lay them in reverence down!
—Mary N. Robinson, in Good Housekeeping.

HE'S a pretty good sort of a farmer, considerin' she's a woman," said Squire Markley, turning to his companion. "She took up that claim three years ago, an' she's done well."

"Looks kind o' lonesome like," said the storekeeper, as they left the little claim-shack, or cabin, behind them.

"Needs a man around; that's what's the matter. I reckon she's been disap'inted some time er nother—in war times, I guess, fer—there she goes now. I was jest a-tellin' yeh how 'twas."

Leaving the rude stable behind the claim-shack was a rickety, old-fashioned surrey, drawn by an ancient steed of unkempt appearance. The woman driving was angular and unattractive, but there was something about the outfit that brought a suspicion of tenderness to the storekeeper's eyes—a tattered flag tossing its folds in the prairie breezes as it floated behind the wagon. He had followed the old stars and stripes over too many fields not to have his heart warmed by the unexpected sight.

"She does it reg'ler," went on Markley. "Ev'ry Deckeration day she gits out th' flag an' puttin' in her wagin goes over ter th' little prairie cemet'ry an deckerates th' graves. Ther' ain't many ter see to yit, yer know," he added, "fer th' settlemint ain't very old an' only half a dozen hez died—includin' th' hoss thief that was took sudden with hemp disease. Ter-day's Deckeration day."

Hester Lang drove serenely on, unconscious of the attention she had attracted. There was a Sunday peacefulness on her face and she turned often in her seat to gaze lovingly on the faded ensign behind her. It was the only bit of gay color in all the wide Kansas landscape. The uniform green of the plain stretched away to the unbroken curve of the horizon without another gleam to relieve its uniformity.

The meadowlarks, balancing themselves on long weed stalks forgotten by the winds of winter, saw it, and with gleeful trills soared away. A big-eyed rabbit beside the path gazed at it in wonder, and then, as the banner gave a sudden, quick toss, scampered for a grass clump.

"Folks probably think I'm foolish or crazy," mused Hester, talking to the horse, for want 'of better company. "But I don't care. Ther' ain't nobody here ez will take hold an' remember th' boys thet fell, an' so I'll do it. I ain't fergot it in twenty years, an' I don't intend ter begin now. It's all right, anyway, fer—Whoa! What's that?"

She had left the high prairie and was driving through a narrow ravine, the sides of which reached upward on either hand.

A rattling of wheels caught her ear. Nearer and nearer came the sound and then over the crest of a little knoll in advance came two horses' heads, and behind, creaking and swaying as the animals dashed madly down the declivity, a white canvas-covered "prairie schooner," that familiar ship of the plains so often freighted heavily with hope or disappointment.

Frightened, yet with her wits about her, Hester reined her horse to one side and, gathering her skirts leaped to the ground. A white face showing inside the approaching wagon determined her to stop the runaway at any cost.

Snatching the flag by its staff from her buggy, she suddenly waved it with all her strength directly in the path of the horses, now so nearly upon her.

With a bound they leaped backward and then aside, bewildered by the strange sight. Then a crash! and then the heavy wagon was lying on its side among the dead sunflower stalks and tumble weeds, while the furious horses, broken loose from their fastenings, had left the ravine and were tearing away across the level prairie.

"What have I done?" moaned Hester, her nervous strength vanishing as she saw the chaos at her feet.

A groan from the heap of wheels, boards and canvas at the foot of the little bluff aroused her.

Going to the heap of debris she tore away the cloth from the top of the wagon. A man's form lay beneath it, pinned down by a heavy cross-board which had been a part of the wagon box. A brass button on his coat told that he was not a stranger to the flag she had waved, and with stouter heart she set to work to drag him from his position.

At last she succeeded and had laid the now fainting form on a patch of grass dimpled with violets that lurked in the recesses of the ravine. She turned the form over and wiped the dirt and blood from the clean-shaven face.

With a cry she started back and sank for a moment helpless beside her charge. Then with an effort she pulled her strength together and went on with her task.

Reverently she wrapped the stars and stripes around the stranger, and somehow managed to lift him into the old surrey. Then with one arm steadying the unconscious man she turned the horse homeward.

Stretched out on the scrupulously clean bed in the plain yet comfortable cabin he was not bad looking. A frank, boyish expression was on the still face, and yet gray hairs told of a man's years. Sickness had evidently made ravages in the face's fullness and the thin hands were almost ghastly in their tenuousness.

Having seen that the stranger was lying quietly, Hester closed the door behind her and taking her buggy set off at the old horse's best pace across the prairie after the individual who combined the professions of agriculture and medicine for a livelihood.

"Is th' you, Miss Hester?" asked the jolly doctor as she rode up to his cabin after a three miles' journey. "Not sick, I hope," he added before she could answer.

"No, but—" then she stopped, the delicacy of the situation dawned upon her sensitive mind and the faintest suspicion of a blush freshened the wind-tanned cheek. "You see it was this way," she began, resolutely. "I took a man from a runaway an' he's over to th' house, unconscious. You must come an' fix him."

In a moment the two were jogging along over the plain. As they approached the "shack" Hester grew visibly nervous, but her companion made no comment, and as they found the stranger still oblivious to the world and its happenings, they soon had other matters to think of.

SHE SUDDENLY WAVED IT WITH ALL HER STRENGTH.

"Do you think he will—that it is serious?" anxiously asked the woman, looking into the physician's face.

"No, I guess not, though he had a mighty close shave," was the reply. "He's likely to come ter his senses any time now, an' then it will depend on how he stands it. If he's wanderin' when he gets conscious, there's danger. If not, there's hope."

"I'll send the parson down durin' the evening," he called, as he started out for home, "an' mebbe I'll be here myself."

Hester went quietly to work at her evening tasks, taking now and then an anxious look toward the bed. The old horse was feed and the stable door closed against the damp spring air.

"I didn't deckerate th' graves after all, did I?" exclaimed the owner of the claim, talking to herself, "an' th' flowers is all in th' wagin. I'll take 'em in fer *him* ter look at—it'll be jest as well."

A tender expression came into her face at the words.

Loaded with the wild blossoms—the wind-flowers, violets and early red roses which she had gathered during the past week—she reentered the cabin and placed the rude bouquets beside the soldier's couch.

Something in the fragrance of the blossoms, or in the approach of Hester, reached the drowsy senses of the sleeper, and as she leaned over the bed his eyes suddenly opened and their blue depths looked steadfastly into the brown ones of the hostess.

"Hester!" The words sprang instinctively from the pale lips.

"Jim!" she replied, with a dry, hard sob that seemed to come from her inmost heart.

"I've looked for you so long," whispered the man, "I thought I'd never find you."

"And I thought you'd never come."

"You knew me when I did meet you?"

"Yes, Jim, I'd know you always. But me! I'm so changed. How could you know me?"

"Yes, you're changed and so am I, but those eyes could belong to no one else."

Then flowed on the stream of talk as she sat beside him with one of his white hands clasped in both her wrinkled brown ones. He told of confinement in southern prisons; of long delays before he could work his way home; of finding her gone to the west; of a search that was unsuccessful and a heart-sickness that resulted in a start for home; of the runaway while en route. She told of troubles in her family; of being thrown on the world alone; of mourning him as lost; and her life on the plains.

It had grown quite dark, but they took no heed of time.

Suddenly footsteps were heard outside and a hearty knock shook the cabin door.

"It's the minister," whispered Hester nervously, "he's come to see you. We won't need him now—shall I tell him ter go home?"

Jim clung to her wrist. "Yes, we do need him," he pleaded, "you know what for. Have him stay and we'll settle it for sure."

She hesitated a moment and then throwing open the door invited the minister and his companion, the doctor, to enter.

"It didn't take more'n ten minutes fer th' preacher ter catch onto th' fine pints in th' case an' splice th' two wanderers as tight ez th' law could hold 'em," said the doctor the next day at the settlement store. "Th' feller's gittin' along elegant an' they're ez happy ez kittens. She didn't do her usual thing by th' dead soldiers, but she made a live one mighty comfortable an' that'll do fer one Memorial day."—C. M. Harger, in Detroit Free Press.

GREAT YOUNG AMERICANS.

Many Leading Statesmen Won Their Laurels While Young Men.

At the very beginning of the republic Thomas Jefferson, in the continental congress, wrote the declaration of independence when he was thirty-three. He had entered the Virginia legislature at twenty-six and had obtained prominence there, says the Washington Star.

Alexander Hamilton surpassed his great opponent, Jefferson, in early advancement. He was a member of congress at twenty-five and a member of President Washington's cabinet at thirty-two.

James Madison was a congressman at twenty-eight and John Randolph at twenty-six, while John Quincy Adams was appointed minister to England and the Netherlands at twenty-seven.

Washington himself had been a striking instance of precocity in the public service, for he was appointed adjutant general of the Virginia troops at nineteen, at twenty-four received the chief command of the Virginia forces, and was but forty-three when he took command of the American army at Cambridge.

Daniel Webster entered congress at thirty and Henry Clay was appointed a senator at twenty-nine, before he was of constitutional age. Clay had previously won a great reputation as a member of the Kentucky legislature. He was elected speaker of the national house of representatives at thirty-four.

John C. Calhoun entered the South Carolina legislature at twenty-five and congress at twenty-nine. At thirty-five he became secretary of war and occupied the office seven years.

Andrew Jackson was a marvel of precocity. He had carried a flintlock musket as a soldier of the revolutionary army at the age of fourteen. At twenty-three he was appointed by Washington district attorney of Tennessee. He was a United States senator at thirty. He did not reach the presidency until he was sixty-two.

John C. Breckenridge was the youngest vice president the country ever had. He was elected on the ticket with Buchanan when he was thirty-five. He had been elected a member of congress at thirty.

Gen. Grant was the youngest president the country ever had; he was elected at forty-six. But at thirty-nine he was unknown.

In the present national house of representatives seven members are under the age of thirty-three, and this is not an unusual proportion.—Chicago News.

SLEEP NOW IN PEACE.

Sleep in your tents of silent green,
To-day bestrewed with flowers;
Yours have the sacrifices been,
Remembrance shall be ours.
Sleep where no more the foe shall come
With crash of war and strife,
Where sound of bugle call nor drum
Can call you back to life.

On other fields, 'mid black-mouthed guns
You fought, our land to save:
To-day a nation mourns her sons,
Her dead and honored brave.
Sleep now in peace your last, long sleep
While comrades, left behind
As sentinels, the watch shall keep
That you to them resigned.

The standard you to them bequeathed,
For which you nobly died,
With flowers for you to-day is wreathed
In sadness, yet in pride:
In pride for all that you have done
Amid fierce shot and shell;
The victories so dearly won,
The fight you fought so well.
—Fred H. Curtiss, in Good Housekeeping.

—The Fly in the Ointment.—Tramping Jake—"It's getting to be too hard work to pick up a livin' in this country. Ef it wuzn't so fur away I'd go to Central Ameriky. A man don't have to do nothin' there. Whole country's covered with bananas. Nothin' to do but lay under a tree all day an' eat bananas." Rusty Rufe—"Got to pick 'em off'n the trees, ain't ye?" "Course." "I knowed ther wuz some drawback."—Chicago Post.

—James A. Spurgeon, who is to carry on the ministerial duties of the London tabernacle, is a younger brother of the late famous preacher and has for some time been assistant pastor of the great church. He also has a church at Croyden, but for many years past most of his time has been devoted to superintending the agencies at work in connection with the tabernacle.

—Dr. Jalap—"Yes, I am going to retire. I've got enough and am willing to give somebody else a chance." Fogg—"I see. Your motto henceforth will be: 'Live and Let Live.'"—Boston Transcript.

PITH AND POINT.

—It is not generally believed that a liquid eye is essential to poring over a book.—Boston Courier.

—"You warrant that horse gentle?" "Gentle as a lamb, sir. If that horse were a man, he'd be a dude."—Harper's Bazar.

—"What has come over Johnny? He keeps his face so clean." "Yes. He hates so to have it washed."—Harper's Bazar.

—The man who invests in shad may have his money's worth in the meat, but he's stuck with the bones.—Philadelphia Times.

—A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he is often sorry that he found out.—Westfield Leader.

—It is easy for the small boy to "make a clean breast of it," but the rub comes when you want him to wash his neck.—Jester.

—No man can be a successful demagogue unless he is shrewd enough to convince the people that he is not one.—Galveston News.

—Too Deep a Drop.—Hilow—"Bunting drops into verse sometimes, doesn't he?" Glanders—"Yes; and occasionally takes a drop too much."—Detroit Free Press.

—The father of a five-year-old boy didn't know there was so many questions in the English language until he took his boy to see a wax-works exhibition.

—"But if you have broken the engagement, why don't you send his picture back to him?" "Because I'm afraid he'll give it to some other girl."—N. Y. Truth.

—First Drummer—"What noble animal do you think best represents our business?" Second Drummer—"Give it up." First Drummer—"Why, the lie-on, of course."

—Willing to Chip In.—Old Bayley—"You couldn't support my daughter, sir. I can hardly do it myself." Young Brace—"Possibly not, entirely; but every little helps."—N. Y. Sun.

—"He's a great editor, isn't he?" said one reporter to another. "I should say so. Why, he gets so used to saying 'we' that he often puts two fares in the street-car ticket-box."—Washington Star.

—An Innuendo.—Mrs. Bella Donna, of New York—"My husband ages much more rapidly than I do." Mrs. Plaster, of Paris (ambiguously)—"Of course; he has so much more to worry him."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Shock Too Great.—Kate—"The man up in No. 29 has fainted away." Landlady—"What in the world is the matter with him?" Kate—"Why, I made a mistake, and left him two clean towels."—Jester.

—Jones—"I saw a conjurer last night who would give you two different kinds of drink out of the same bottle." Brown—"That's nothing, my boy. We've got a grocer in our street who can sell you three kinds of tea out of the same box."—Tid-Bits.

—Worse Than He Thought.—Fangle—"You said Jaysmith would never pay that ten dollars he borrowed from me, but he returned it this morning." Cumso—"I'm sorry for you, old fellow." "Why?" "He'll borrow fifty dollars next time on the strength of that."—Detroit Free Press.

—Fresh Applicant—"Is there an opening here for a bright young man?" Senior Proprietor—"What can you do?" Applicant (confidently)—"Anything." Proprietor—"Very well. Take my chair here and tell me how to run this business on a profitable basis. We've been waiting forty years for you to be born."

A FOOLISH PRIDE.

She Regarded Household Duties as Menial and Unworthy.

"I must leave," she said, as she presented herself before the mistress of the house. "I am sorry, for you have been as kind to me as I could have expected, but I can't stay any longer."

She was a pleasant-looking young woman—a girl almost—neatly dressed, and modest in her demeanor.

"I am sorry, too," said the mistress, looking up in surprise. "You have been very satisfactory. Where are you going, may I ask?"

"Back to the factory," was the reply.

"Back to the factory!" exclaimed the mistress. "Why, what did you leave it for?"

"I thought it would be better," she said. "I could barely live there before, but here I could get as good or better wages and had nothing to pay for board. It seemed better, especially as my mother, before she died, had taught me to do housekeeping work. She took great pride in it, and I thought—I thought—"

"You thought what?"

"I thought I could do better, and I tried, but the girls I used to know laugh at me and will hardly recognize me."

"But aren't you doing better than they?"

"Yes; I can dress better than I could and save up a little money, too."

"And aren't you more comfortable than you were in your boarding place?"

"Yes, indeed. That was nothing but an attic."

"Is the work here harder?"

"It's not so hard and it is much pleasanter."

"And yet you're going back to the factory?"

"I must; I'm losing the respect of all my friends. They all say that domestic work is degrading, and—and I won't stand being looked down upon."

She went back to her attic and the factory because she was ashamed to do the work that her mother had done and had taught her to do. And her companions said she had shown spirit and independence. They said nothing about sense.—Chicago Tribune.

Eying Animals.

A gentleman at the Cape of Good Hope had read much concerning the mesmerizing power of man's steady gaze, and thought he would try is eye on an ostrich. At first the experiment seemed likely to prove successful. The bird sat down, flapped its wings, inflated its neck, and struck its flat, stupid head against its hollow, bony body. But this effect was only temporary. Several hours afterward the gentleman was found lying on his stomach, in such a position that his eye had no quelling power over the bird, which was alternately jumping and sitting upon the prostrate body. The author of "Animal Sketches," who tells this anecdote, relates a little experiment of his own made upon a wild cat. The cat, confined in a cage in a zoological garden, was stared at by the author, who confesses that but for the wire network he should have had his eyes scratched out by the savage little spitfire.—Youth's Companion.